

In Memoriam.

AN ADDRESS,
COMMEMORATIVE
OF
THEIR FRATERNAL DEAD
OF 1860:

DELIVERED BEFORE
HALO LODGE, NO. 5,

BY
JOHN A. LODOR,

December 27, 1860.



CAHABA:

PRINTED BY C. E. HAYNES & CO., AT THE CAHABA GAZETTE JOB OFFICE.
1861.



*George Washington Flowers
Memorial Collection*

DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

ESTABLISHED BY THE
FAMILY OF
COLONEL FLOWERS



In Memoriam.

AN ADDRESS,
COMMEMORATIVE
OF
THEIR FRATERNAL DEAD
OF 1860:

DELIVERED BEFORE
HALO LODGE, NO. 5,

BY
JOHN A. LODOR,

December 27, 1860.



CAHABA :

PRINTED BY C. E. HAYNES & CO., AT THE CAHABA GAZETTE JOB OFFICE.
1861.

THE ADDRESS

[PUBLISHED BY DIRECTION OF HALO LODGE.]

THE ADDRESS.

WORSHIPFUL MASTER AND BRETHREN OF HALO LODGE—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—This is one of our festive days, and we are wont to commemorate it in honor of one of our Patron Saints. With us, however, it is a day of mourning—a day set apart to pay the last tribute of fraternal affection to the memory of our brethren, whom death has clasped in his icy embrace during the present year.

The day itself—our custom of observing it—and the special purpose for which we are now convened, all combine to remind us of the beautiful and significant Egyptian custom of placing a SKELETON at the head of the festal board. There, in the midst of life, and mirth, and feasting, sat the ghastly herald and emblem of Death. Silent and motionless amid the general joy, most eloquently it reminded those present of their mortality, and uttered, in language not to be misunderstood, the mournful Truth, that there is a time for all things, and among them a time to die. No flight of fancy—no stretch of imagination was required to comprehend the force of the lesson taught by that grim monitor. It was the stern prototype of Death, presiding over an assembly in which mirth, joy, love, youth, beauty, age, wit, genius, rank and

wealth, though all were there, yet each one for himself, bowed in homage before that symbol, whose presence announced the fact, felt and recognized by all, that they too must die.

Our festive day is turned into a day of sorrow. We, too, have a skeleton in our midst, and he points with his long, bony, fleshless finger, to the vacant places in our fraternal circle—most unfeelingly he presses upon our bleeding hearts, causing them to flow afresh in remembrance of the loved and lost, whom his Grand Master, Death, has taken from among us.

But a twelve month since, within the precinct of our Lodge, our ranks were filled—our mystic circle was complete. We entered upon the New Year, with the future spread out before us, bright with all the gilding of Hope. No dark cloud was visible in our sky—no note of danger was heard upon the wind—no shadow of gloom appeared to warn us of the approach of Death, or startle us by his proximity. In the vigor of youth—in the pride of manhood—in the strength of age—united by our mystic tie—hand in hand and side by side, we entered the year together. Now, at its close, we pause to look around us, and note the events which have marked its flight. Place after place is vacant by our side—our circle is broken—our brethren are gone—our Lodge room is draped in sable weeds, the mute symbol of our grief, and when we ask for our absent brothers, we bow our heads in sorrow as the mournful dirge rings in our ear and imparts their fate—tells us that the silver

cord is loosed—the golden bowl is broken—the pitcher is broken at the fountain—and the wheel is broken at the cistern.

Once, twice, thrice, yea, even six times, has the shaft of the insatiate archer stricken down a brother by our side. Again and again were we called upon to suspend our daily labor, and bury our dead. Again and again was impressed upon our heart and reiterated in our ear, the solemn lesson that from earth we came, and unto earth we must return again.

It is not for those who had lived their three score years and ten—not those whose heads were silvered o'er by age, for whom we are called upon to mourn. It is for the young and middle aged. For those, to whom life opened with apparently a lengthened vista, and whose future was sparkling and bright with all the rainbow hues of Hope.

Death is at all times terrible, even when he gathers into the coffers of the grave, those who, like the ripened harvest, had passed through the spring, summer, autumn, and advanced into the winter of life: but oh! how startling it is to see those who had just entered upon its spring, laid in the silent tomb, and know that their career is ended ere it is well begun. And yet such was the untimely fate of our youthful

BROTHER, ARCHIE DAVIS.

He was the first for whom we were called to mourn. He had barely entered upon his manhood, and cast his eye over the stage on which he was just prepared to become an actor, when at the early

age of twenty-three years, he fell asleep in the arms of Death. He had just entered the vestibule of our masonic temple, and stood upon its beautiful mosaic pavement. Not yet had he passed to the middle chamber, and gazed upon its gorgeous beauty—not yet was he prepared to pass onward and upward in his masonic career, and receive the sublime and beautiful lessons inculcated in our lectures, when he was called upon to rest from his labor. In all the brightness of early life—surrounded by the ties of affection and kindred—by warm-hearted and loving friends—by the associates of his infancy and youth—having at his command all that tends to make life desirable, loved for his frank, warm-hearted and generous liberality—caressed for his genial and social disposition, he had barely raised the cup of earthly pleasure to his lip, when he was touched by the icy finger of Death, and the stern mandate was uttered in his ear, to come home! Earth, with all its allurements, could not detain him—youth with all its bright hopes—kindred and friends, with all their affection—wealth, with all its appliances, could not avert or postpone his doom. The sands in the glass of life were all spent, and his brief hour was past.

Scarcely was our youthful brother laid in his last resting place, when another, our elder

BROTHER, LEWIS D. WINNEMORE,
was laid by his side. He was a generous and warm-hearted man, and possessed many endearing traits of character. Trained in early life to apply himself closely to business, and to labor assiduously

and perseveringly, in his manhood, he departed not from the training of his youth. His life was an active, busy and stirring one—he had been honored by the confidence of his fellow-citizens—passed through a prosperous mercantile career, and retired to the peaceful shades of private life, to enjoy the pleasures of a home he had surrounded by every comfort. In the full maturity of manhood—in the vigor of his intellect—in the meridian of his existence, happily situated, with a most exemplary wife by his side, he was gathered to the tomb, and the places which once knew him shall know him no more forever.

Next, in the order of their death, was our faithful Junior Warden,

BROTHER ARCHIBALD DURHAM.

It is but right and proper, that the just and good man, he who acts well his part in the great drama of life, should have a higher meed of praise awarded to his memory, than is given to those who are neglectful or oblivious of life's duties. If this were not so—if superior worth be not entitled to superior praise, there would be no inducement to try to have a high character stamped upon our lives and actions.

There are those present who had known our brother for over thirty years, and surely it is sweet incense to his memory, that these friends of other days concur in the testimony they bear to his worth. His conduct was ever marked by strict integrity and uniform courtesy.

As a mason, from his initiation to the hour of

his death, there are but few in whose lives the beauty and virtue of the masonic character shone forth with more steady light than in his. He had the heart to conceive the beauties of our order, and the obligations it imposed upon him he cheerfully and zealously performed. Neither the fervid rays of a midsummer's sun, nor the peltings of the wintry blast, ever caused him to swerve aside from the path of duty. The faintest wail of sorrow—the feeblest cry of distress, ever struck his attentive ear, and his sympathy was manifested in a prompt and substantial manner. In his death, the Widow and Orphan have lost a sincere friend, and we a faithful craftsman.

He was controlled by two ideas. First, To KNOW HIS DUTY. Second, To PERFORM IT. He needed no spur to press him onward. With the Cardinal Virtues to guide him—the Tenets of his profession to aid him, and his Obligation to bind him, he was as true to his masonic duties, as the needle to the pole. He knew that masonry, like christianity, possessed an active vitality, that lived in deeds and spoke in acts.

He died like a faithful soldier, at the station of duty, with his armor upon him. His death alike vacated one of the principal offices in the Lodge, and illustrated one of our most beautiful traditions. His virtues and his worth have been placed upon record, and we have planted the acacia over his grave to remind us, that though his body has been returned unto the earth from whence it came, yet that his spirit, that immortal part which shall

never, never, never die, has returned to God who gave it.

And yet again the knell of Death rings in our ear—again he invades our mystic circle, and removes our

BROTHER, ANTON FALKENSTEIN,
from our side. His "Fatherland" was far, far away—he had wandered far from

"——— the sky that bent above
His childhood, like a dream of love."

Of ripened years—comparatively a stranger in a strange land, and speaking a different language, he yet, in our midst, found a home and a grave.— Found friends to whom he was dear, and brethren to whom he was united. Friends and brothers who loved him for his quiet and unobtrusive demeanor, and for his rigid, stern, old fashioned integrity. He was one of those who, beneath a rough and rugged exterior, concealed a warm and true heart—a heart filled with the milk of human kindness. His early life, we learn, was one of hardship and toil, and they left their traces upon him; his latter days passed calmly and quietly away, even as the waters of a river glide undisturbed by a single ripple, as they passed on into the great ocean of eternity.

Still again we were called upon to assemble in a Lodge of sorrow, and pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of our

BROTHER, THOMAS W. WALKER.

While there is a general resemblance among all men, there are yet those variations that give

to each an individuality of his own. These variations are often as visible in the mind as in the body, and are often such as to attract marked attention. Our brother had his peculiarities. He was an earnest, plodding man, always pressing onward in the path of duty, and rarely finding time to pass over to the sunny side of life, and cull the flowers that here and there are found along its path. His life was one of incessant toil. Early and late he found it incumbent upon him to labor for the cherished ones whom God had entrusted to his care. Like a faithful and true hearted man, as he was, he diligently applied himself to the task of providing for those dependent upon him. His footsteps were beguiled by the sweet, though often illusory whisperings of Hope, and were urged onward at the instance of Love.

In public and in private life, he was a man to be esteemed. To habits of industry, he added perseverance and integrity. Upright in all his dealings, he was a warm friend—a good citizen—a faithful public officer—a zealous mason and christian—a most devoted husband and father. He was an invalid for years, and at last fell a victim to disease.

Well may we shed a tear to his memory; but it is not for him alone that we should mourn. His death was doubtless a happy release from suffering. It is for the widow and the orphan that we should grieve. The prop is broken on which they leaned—the staff is gone on which they were dependent for sustenance—the husband and the father is dead,

and they, the dear objects of his love and care, are left sorrowing and alone, surrounded by a cold, unfeeling and unsympathizing world.

We turn from these sorrowing friends to others who also have claims upon our friendship and love—to others, whose hearts are writhing in anguish over the loss of a husband and a father. To their wail of sorrow for their sad bereavement, we too unite our voices, and lament the untimely death of our friend and

BROTHER, ENOCH G. ULMER, M. D.

He was a man of mark and note—one of Nature's noblemen. To a warm, generous and noble heart, he added a most genial disposition—rare conversational powers—a well stored mind and agreeable manners. He had attained high professional eminence, and his skill and talents commanded the esteem and confidence of his professional brethren and the public. He was at once the cherished friend—the beloved companion—the useful citizen—the skillful physician, whose presence dispelled the gloom of many a sick room, and whose skill restored many a suffering friend to health. For years he was a slave—a slave to his friends and his professional duties. Early and late, at morning, noon and midnight—winter and summer—in sunshine and in storm, he ever pressed on in the path of duty. Thus constantly employed for many years, he yet found time to enter our mystic temple, and engaged in his duties as a craftsman, with all the freedom, fervency and zeal of his enthusiastic nature. The foundation of his masonic character

was well laid, and the moral edifice he reared upon it, though not faultless, was yet such as to command the esteem of his brethren. His trowel was kept bright by constant use.

A beautiful trait in his character was his benevolence. The appeal for alms or aid, was never unheeded. His charity was dispensed with unstinted liberality, and his sympathetic nature was too often imposed upon by the crafty and designing.

With a high appreciation of the sublime and the beautiful, he ever paused to render them the homage of his admiration—nor did he fail to gather the flowers which blossomed along his path, and in their fragrant beauty recognized the handiwork of his and their Creator.

Wealth, pleasure, happiness and joy were uncared for by him, unless they were all shared by the friends by whom he was ever surrounded. He never had a selfish thought—he never did a selfish act. Thus did he live and labor for many years, until at length exhausted nature could no longer bear the heavy burdens he laid upon her, and he fell a victim to that grim tyrant, whose power he had so often baffled.

One after another we have seen our brethren gathered to the tomb, and we have mourned for them and for ourselves. Now, this dear friend—this dear brother, is added to the number. Verily, the cup of our affliction is filled—filled to the brim, and in all its bitterness we are compelled to drain it to the dregs.

Would that we could do justice to his memory,

and properly express the high meed of praise so justly his due. We can only say

"None knew him but to love him
Nor named him but in praise;"

that his loss to his family—his host of friends, and this community, is irreparable. A place is left vacant that will not soon be filled. A bright light of the fireside—the social circle—the sick chamber—and the Lodge room, is utterly extinguished, and the sad wail of lamentation for his death, vibrates and finds an echo in every heart.

Sad was the fate of our friend and brother, and deeply do we regret it. Kindly will we remember him, until our hearts have ceased to beat their

"Funeral marches to the grave."

And now our task is almost ended. We have not the temerity to enquire why, oh why! are we thus afflicted? We TRY to yield with humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, satisfied that it is for some wise purpose He has inculcated these sad lessons of mortality upon us. It may be as a warning to us, to set our house in order—a notice to us, to prepare for that dread hour when we too must enter the dark valley of the shadow of death. It may be an unpleasant, yet surely not an unprofitable reflection, to remember the Egyptian custom to which we have already alluded. We stated, we had a skeleton at our festal board. It was an error, for we have six—six vacant places are by our side—six voices from the tomb, are ringing in our ear—six grassy mounds tell us the saddest of all sad stories—that of man's mortality. Clear and distinct as did the Egyptians

impress the idea of death upon themselves, it is yet more clearly and vividly impressed upon us. To them it was presented in a single view—to us, in varied forms. Youth and beauty—manhood in its strength, and wisdom in its pride—to-day they are ours, to-morrow, they share the bed of the earth-worm. Alas! for the pomp and vanity of human life. What is it all worth, when we view its termination?

“’Tis the glance of an eye, ’tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health, to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon, to the bier and the shroud,
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?”

How frail the tenure by which human life is held—how often we witness its abrupt and awful termination? Untold examples are ever before us, in the chapter of casualties, by which we see in an instant all ranks levelled—all distinctions done away. Young and old—rich and poor—the proud and the humble—the prince and the peasant—the master and the slave, all with their lives, yield obedience to the despot, Death, and at his command, assume their places among “the pale nations of the dead.” Over the living, Death reigns supreme.

All nature tells man the story of dissolution. On every page of her volume it is illustrated. In every form it is presented to view, and pressed home upon him in every manner. Even the spider’s web affords us a lesson on which we may muse and meditate. Who has not looked upon it with surprize and admiration, as he noted the numerous gossamer threads, radiating from a given centre,

with the most beautiful regularity, in every direction, and these are crossed and recrossed, over and over again, by many parallel lines, which to wondrous beauty gives it greatest strength. How light, how airy, how artistic, and how beautiful this web! and yet it is the frailest of all frail things; a wave of the hand, and it is brushed out of existence for ever. It finds its parallel in human life. Youth is its radiating point; the ties of home, country, kindred, love, friendship, wealth, beauty and power, are a few of its radiating lines—the warp of life. The pleasures, joys and amusements which surround us, interwoven as they are with myriad hopes and fancies, are the parallel lines—the woof in the mystic web which combine to make life beautiful and existence desirable. Should the finger of death touch it, in a moment it turns to ashes; but if for a time it escapes such a fate, as anticipations end in disappointment, as hopes fade away, as joys perish and give place to grief, as pleasure is supplanted by sorrow, as friends and kindred fall by our side, thread by thread of the web is broken, its beauty destroyed, its strength gone, the wreck of a once young and hopeful life, toils on with a sad and heavy heart, craving only a sweet slumber in the bosom of our mother Earth—a resting place, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

While our brethren have passed away to their long home, while we commemorate their virtues and their worth, and embalm their memory in our hearts, we have yet another duty to perform, and

it is one we must not, dare not, ignore. It is to remember kindly the sorrowing kindred, the fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, the widows and orphans of our deceased brethren.

While we mourn over our loss, we must remember theirs. It is heavier than ours. The manly form, on which the father and mother leaned with confidence to sustain their faltering footsteps to the grave, he whom they would have near them in their last hour, to close their eyes in death, and shroud them for the tomb, has gone before them, and they are left in all the dreariness of a desolate old age, to pursue the weary remnant of life's journey, alone, to the grave. Have we no sorrow—no sympathy for such a grief as theirs? The brother and sister, whose hearts were filled with fraternal love for him who had been nourished at the same maternal font, who had shared all the joys and sorrows of childhood, the hopes of youth and manhood, have seen the form of him they loved laid in the bosom of our common mother. Again, we ask, have we no tears, no sympathy for such a grief as theirs? The widow and the orphan, how shall we speak of them? how shall we measure their loss and their grief? The husband wedded in early manhood, he, who, before God's holy altar, had sworn to love, cherish and protect the trembling and fragile form by his side, who had travelled along the path of life her safe protector and her guide, whose heart had beat in unison with hers, and shared her every joy and care, is now no more. The oak is stricken down by the thunder-

bolt, and the ivy is left without a support, clinging still, not to the oak as in days gone by, but, to the sweet memories of the past—the shadow, merely, of a shade. The widow is left desolate, broken hearted and alone. The orphans, poor, little, helpless innocents! The father, in whose smile they lived, whose presence made their young hearts bound with joy, whose labor furnished them food and raiment, who guided their youthful steps through the perils of childhood, and whose pride, as well as duty, it was to educate them for future usefulness, is gone, forever gone. They have no father save Him in heaven. Again we ask, have we no tears to shed for them—no sympathy for such a grief as theirs? May God in His mercy help the widow and the orphan! May He be a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless.

If there be a single mason present who has forgotten or neglected his duty, we admonish him at once to clear away the rubbish that chokes up the fountain of charity in his heart. Smite its adamantine walls, even as Moses smote the rock in the wilderness, and let its pure, sweet waters gush forth free and unrestrained. Every heart has within it the elixir of life, the fountain of perpetual youth; give it, oh! give it fair play, and its owner will never shrink into the avaricious miser, whose God is seen on every coin he grasps.

One by one, have our brethren gone to the tomb. They have finished their pilgrimage on earth, and now inhabit the silent city of the great King, Death. We are travelling the self same path they trod, and

our journey has the same destination. Every second draws us nigher unto it, and at any moment we may arrive there. No human power can avert it. It is the crowning point of human life, the moment, at which man stands upon the verge of two worlds, when he takes a swift, rapid and comprehensive view of his past career, and endeavors to comprehend its just value as a preparation for that eternal world on which he is about to enter. With the certainty of our destination before us, with the knowledge of our speedy arrival there, it surely behooves man to prepare to meet his destiny. And how shall we prepare? We do not propose to trench upon the province of those whose duty it is "to point to heaven and lead the way," but, as a mason, we feel at liberty to point to that God in whom every mason heretofore declared he put his trust, to those great lights to be found upon our every altar—the Holy Bible; that inestimable gift of God to man, the rule and guide of our faith, is there; there too, we learn to square our actions with all mankind, and circumscribe and keep our passions within due bounds. In a nutshell, our whole duty is placed before us, and the injunction is ours, to perform it with regularity.

The standard of masonry is a high one; but, oh! how few live up to it, how many fall below it—and some, we say it "more in sorrow than in anger," there are some, whose lives are a libel upon the institution of Freemasonry. Hold up before you, my brethren, the mirror of Truth, and scrutinize your image as reflected in it; test it by plumb,

square and level, and satisfy yourself, if you can, that you still stand before your brethren and the world the just and upright mason you once appeared to be. If the examination be unsatisfactory, at once repair your moral and masonic edifice; repair the wrong you have done yourself and your brethren. Let the Cardinal Virtues be ever your guide. They are Temperance, Prudence, Fortitude and Justice—the masonic North, South, East and West. Let these bright virtues mark your lives, your habits and your conversation. Let Temperance be your North Star; ever behold it, beautifully represented upon the masonic chart by a youthful virgin leaning against a broken column, with a pitcher of Water by her side—WATER, cold Water, be it observed, pure, sweet and fresh as that found by Hagar in the desert.

Each of these virtues will impart their own impressive lesson, and lead us straight into the beautiful path of a mason's life. However sadly we may have erred heretofore, however widely we may have wandered from the true path, we shall yet find that our brethren will cast the mantle of Charity over us, and become oblivious to our faults, our follies and our sins; even as we have cast it over the memory of our departed brethren, and have forgiven and forgotten theirs. Their voices, sweet with the tones of Brotherly Love, strong in the power of Truth, will come to our Relief, and guide us back to the path of rectitude. When the fraternal grasp is given, and the strong arm thrown around a wayward or an erring brother, to support

his weak and faltering footsteps, when good counsel is whispered in his ear, when his most hidden thought is safely deposited in a brother's faithful breast, when he remembers that on bended knee a voice is raised to heaven in his behalf, surely, with such aids as these, such love as this, the wayward and the erring will no longer refuse to return to the path of duty, of safety, and of honor. It is a broad, clear and beautiful way, embellished with shade trees and flowers, and the air is fragrant with sweet perfume. It leads us through all the chambers of our mystic Temple, where we are taught the great lesson HOW TO LIVE, onward to the Temple of Christianity, where we are taught that other lesson, HOW TO DIE. For full well we know

" 'Tis not the whole of life to live
Nor all of death to die."

Here again we must pause, or encroach on the province of others. By travelling the path we have feebly endeavored to point out—by learning the all important lessons how to live and how to die, we may take the acacia, our own beautiful emblem of immortality in our hand, and while yielding obedience to Death, we can still enter the tomb and find its dark precincts illumined by the Christian's Hope—its portal, but the door opened for us to a better and brighter world than this. Thus we fondly hope our brethren have found it; thus we hope that we may find it, for

" Death's but a path that must be trod
If man would ever pass to God."

Our Fraternal Dead.

ARCHIE DAVIS.

Our Fraternal Dead.

LEWIS D. WINNEMORE.

Our Fraternal Dead.

ARCHIBALD DURHAM.

Our Fraternal Dead.

ANTON FALKENSTEIN.

Our Fraternal Dead.

THOMAS W. WALKER.

Our Fraternal Dead.

ENOCH G. ULMER.

